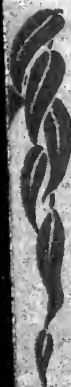


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GLEANINGS
from
AUSTRALASIAN
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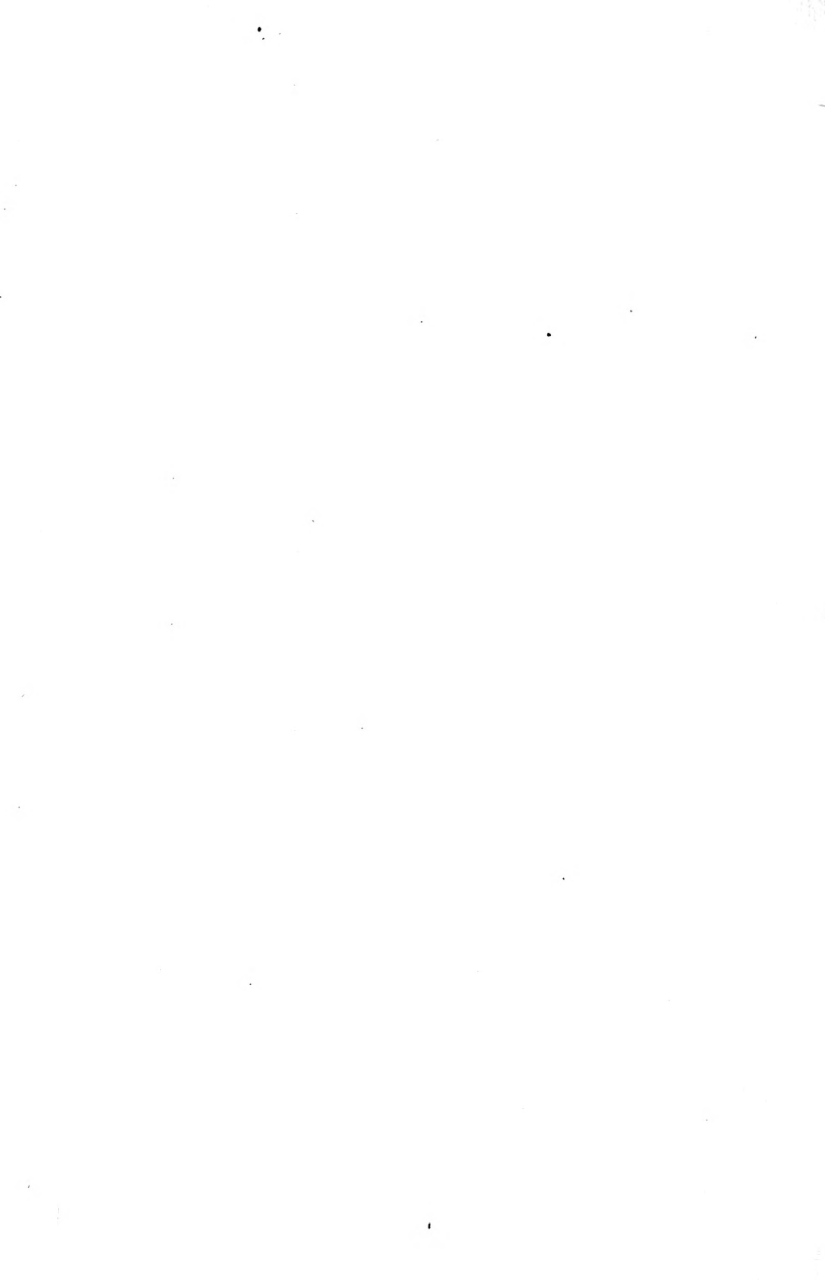
LOVE POEMS



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Gleanings from
Australasian Verse

POEMS OF
MANHOOD

POEMS OF NATURE

LOVE POEMS

Other Volumes in Preparation



Gleanings from Australasian Verse



Love Poems

Gathered by

Mary E. Wilkinson

Author of "Whither?," "The Lie,"
"Via Pacis"



WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LIMITED
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DROSS AND GOLD

*"Life is dross, but Love is gold!"
So, throughout the numbered days,
Mine to keep and thine to hold,
Be it as the Master says.*

*Clean-intentioned; each to each
Shall a Staff of Travel be,
Down the Roadway to the Beach
Of the tideless, timeless Sea.*

*Down the Roadway of the years
Till our Web of Life is spun,
Ours the laughter and the tears;
Ours the cream of cloud and sun.*

*Some there be who place and gain
Reckon over and above;
Some there be who joy and pain
Weigh in equal scales—of Love:*

*Those shall be as they were not,
At the Road-end by the Shore;
These, who lost and who forgot
Shall have triumphed evermore.*

E. J. Brady

FOREWORD

To every man and woman who is a lover of art, as well as of humanity, every poem of genuine inspiration is a Love Poem, and this volume of the series of "GLEANINGS FROM AUSTRALASIAN VERSE" deserves the title no more truly than most of the others, if we may permit ourselves to take the larger view. However, the lesser love, where it is worthy of the name at all, may typify the greater, and the majority of the poems included in this little book deal with that phase of human experience which is generally understood to be represented by the word—the love of man and woman.

Though this particular volume has been pronounced by several competent critics who have looked through the manuscript as distinctly one of the best in the series, there are two or three poems absent—through copyright restrictions—which, if included, would, in my opinion, make the book a genuine anthology of Australasian Love Poems.

Australians interested in the history of Australasian poetry are inclined to regard a certain publication by a gentleman who "left his country for his country's good" as the earliest extant example of the muse's activity within our shores. This claim is not unchallenged, as the following gentle verses, penned—or chiselled—by one of our country's earliest inhabitants, and translated by the Rev. Arthur North, are said to have a prior title. I am indebted to Dr. Isidore Kozminsky for permission to quote them, and include them here as a literary (!) curiosity:—

THE MAN FROM JUMBARRA.

This is the song of the man from Jumbarra,
How he won his bride, the sweet Kooniwarra.

When made a man, and starting in life,
I looked all around to find a wife.
There was none in Jumbarra, so, under the moon,
With spear and shield to the tribe Congoon,
I went as a man from Jumbarra
And chose the beautiful Kooniwarra.

Foreword

But her father mocked me and called me brine,
And said the maid should never be mine.
"Come and steal her, O man from far Jumbarra:
Come, take if you can sweet Kooniwarra.
But mind, we have waddies and jagged spears,
And we laugh when a tortured man sheds tears!"

Then I watched her father night and day,
Till I saw him go by himself away,
As he aimed at a 'possum I aimed at his head
With my bird-stick. He fell as if he were dead!
When he woke he was bound by the man from Jumbarra,
The man who wanted his Kooniwarra.

I dragged him to where the red ants make
Their nests, and tied each hand to a stake.
I bound each foot, then stamped on the bed
Till his body with stinging ants was red.
Then I shouted: "I'll get your waddies and spears,
And I laugh, now a tortured man sheds tears!"

I went to his mia mia, killed all but one,
His lubra, his piccaninnies, his first-born son.
I took all his waddies, and jagged spears,
And I laughed as in dead eyes I saw the tears.
But the beautiful maiden—the Kooniwarra,
Is my lubra now. I'm the man from Jumbarra."

I will leave the critics to comment upon the lyric and other qualities of this "love-song."

For permission to use poems included in this volume I am indebted to The Proprietors of *The Bulletin*, The Proprietors of *The Lone Hand*, A. G. Stephens, Esq., The Proprietors of *The Triad*, Messrs. Massina and Co., The Australasian Authors' Agency, The Proprietors of *The Australasian*, and The Proprietors of *Life*.

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LOVE POEMS

RECOMPENSE

Among the flowers she slowly grew ;
Like them she felt the stir of Spring,
Like them she took the sun and dew
And yearned towards blossoming.

She wondered dimly at her heart,
It was so very young and still.
Love had not touched her with his smart—
Love that but wakes to kill!

I watched her peering up at life,
Hidden among her lilies tall,
How could she guess the eager strife
That hurtled past the wall?

I loved her; I could only wait;
So much her soul was empty of,
I did not dare to desecrate
That quiet heart with love!

Then one strode by with song and shout;
Over the wall his laughter came.
She shivered in a sudden doubt—
Then all her heart was flame!

He triumphed towards her; in affright
She saw the flowers about her laid.
Uneasy, like a flickering light,
Before his will she swayed.

He snared her with a sudden kiss,
And with a half-fear wholly sweet
Her tender heart in trembling bliss
She laid at his rough feet!

He bruised her wantonly, and yet
She kissed the hands that wounded her.
She was too happy to regret
The silences that were!

He stormed her heart. She laughed; it seemed
For his great love a gift too slight—
Her lily-heart—he never dreamed
How wonderful and white!

I do not want the love he stole;
That wakened love I would not share—
But the white silence of her soul
Is mine all unaware!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

TO YOU

So you have come at last!
And we nestle, each in each,
As leans the pliant sea in the clean-curved limbs of her lover,
 the beach;
Merged in each other quite,
Clinging, as in the tresses of trees dallies the troubadour
 Night;
Faint as a perfume, sweet as wine,
Yielding as moonlight—mine, all mine:
 So I have found you at last!

I dreamed: we dare not meet:
The time is yet too soon.
Swept with the tumult of our great love, our souls from this
 life would swoon.
For the fusion of our lives
Is the one far goal to which the vast creation vaguely drives;
And only when I kiss your face
Shall the final trumpet shatter Space.
 I dreamed: we dare not meet.

Yet somewhere, hungry-eyed,
You wait and listen with tears,
Clogged with the flesh and dulled with the sodden heritage
 of the years.
And I am distant, lone,
Hedged with the palisades of Self, shut in—a soul unknown.
You, fashioned for me from Time's first day,
I, made for you ere that dawn was grey,
 Wait, hidden and hungry-eyed.

I lie in the lonely night.
And you? Perhaps so near
That if I should whisper your sweet soul-name you would
 thrill and wake and hear!
And yet perchance so far,
Drowned in the cosmic mist beyond the swirl of the farthest
 star.
But over the frozen void between
With wistful eyes you wait and lean,
 Alone in the lonely night.

Perhaps your passionate arms
Some stranger-youth entwine;
And you will yield him thin, faint kisses, thinking his lips
 are mine;
He, dreaming that unawares
He has caught, as once in a dream he caught, that miracle-
 glance of hers.
For each the piteous thing that seems—
Each clasping memories, clasping dreams
 In lax and widowed arms.

Or, starving and craving still,
To your soul you were bravely true;
You told the Night your secret dream, and he laughed back
 at you.
And even in your sleep
His laughter woke you, and you could not even the dear
 dream keep;
Till Age kissed you with a kiss that sears,
And you faded and withered with the years,
 A-hungered and craving still.

To You

But hush! I had almost heard!
Last night I dreamed your name:
Beneficent like a white, cool cloud to my desolate sky it
came!
Like a moth it drifted away,
And into the flame of the dawn it fluttered, dying into the
day.
Yet the wind in the whispering leaves
The voice of your sobbing weaves—
Hush! I had almost heard!

Yet I should know your face.
As mine, all mine, I claim
That coil of hair that over you smoulders like a golden
flame,
And the strange, dim-curtained eyes,
The crescent of your imperious chin, and the little moist
mouth that cries.
Your voice, with its tincture of tears,
I have heard through a thousand years. . . .
Yes, I remember your face.

Once in a drifting crowd
I thought I had found a clue:
A pale face pealed like an organ-note, and yet—oh, my
heart!—not you!
She had your look, the same
Grave gladness of a child's young eyes; but all the rest
was shame.
Perhaps she saw—for her eyes were wet—
In me the soul she had one time met
In eternity's drifting crowd.

Perhaps 'tis the desert of years
That severs each from each;
And out of the cavernous centuries to each other we blindly
reach.

You blossomed so long ago
That only the dawn and the Spring remember—and little, so
little, they know!
You wait on the hill of the first white morn,
Straining dead eyes to me, unborn,
Across the desert of years.

Or when I am dead, at last,
And my sovereignty have won,
As, merged in the dust of the gradual Past, unliving, I yet
live on
You will rise with some far-off Spring,
And back to the old dead days that were mine your piteous
glance will fling.
But, hush! I shall come in the rain-kissed night
And whisper the words of our marriage-rite—
We shall find each other at last!

Yet if we met.
I dreamed; we dare not meet.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

TO MY LOVE

It was not given to me
In all my lonely race
 To see
 Thy face;
To look into thine eyes, to hear
Thy voice so sweet and clear,
 So dear;
And yet, Love, did I never doubt of thee,
 Whether this light and air
Were thine with mine, or in the days to be
 Thou comest unaware;
Happy (and not, as I, forlorn),
 To know me, O my fair,
And love me dead, as I loved thee unborn. . . .

Love, if then in the years
 When the vext cloudland clears,
And this dim shroud of me
 Appears,
Serene, sovereign, eve's star—
 O, free from vain regret,
Be thou as high souls are!
 Think it no bitter fate
 To love too late;
For I, who loved too soon, had courage yet
 And trust to wait.

FRANCIS ADAMS

MORN-LIGHT.

Far on the hills the morn-light is breaking,
 Breaking in silver that soon shall be gold.
Here at my window, as one that is taking
His view of Fate's victory, with hungry heart aching
 I wait and I watch it, now fearful, now bold.

For O in an hour, an hour that's a minute,
 An hour that's an age, I shall be by her side!
And then shall we ride a ride that has in it
A race for a soul! Ah, God! shall I win it?
 Better it would be than fail to have died.

O queen, my queen, I could kneel here and pray for you;
 Pray not for love, not for pity for me—
Pray that God's glory for ever shall stay for you
As the crown of your joy and your beauty: ah, pray for you
 Till mine eye's light in death and its darkness doth flee!

O queen, my queen, be it winning or losing
 That heaves in thy heart, that breathes in thy breath,
Queen art thou ever and queenly, thy choosing
Is true as God's truth; be it winning or losing,
 Be it light, life and love, be it darkness and death!

FRANCIS ADAMS

THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

Beyond the purple portals of the Western summer sky—

Where sun-flushed cloudlets float in happy sleep,

Like showers of curling petals from a rose which, fain to die,

Sheds the casket of her soul in perfumed heap—

Lies a garden of delight,

Where a sighing summer night

Sings a madrigal of longing in a low, delicious croon,

Till a heart awakes and quickens in the lonely, silent moon.

Beneath the lamp of Venus, where the love-light hovers low,

Waits a throne of regal lilies for a queen,

While a surgeless river murmurs with a lang'rous ebb and
flow

As it wends its way, a thousand stars between.

And it plays upon my heart,

With its soft seductive art,

Like the cunning master-fingers of the tender Lord of Love

On a harp of hazy harmonies, whose strings were tuned by
Jove.

Thro' avenues of blossom, where the brooding shades of
night

Scarce seemed to breathe, and thrall'd the dewy flowers,

Came footsteps softly stealing, while an iridescent light

Lit the great magnolia leaves in all the bowers;

And the stately shimmering beds

Of the lilies bowed their heads:

Every tree bent down to kiss her as she passed them on her
way,

And the air strove to enfold her, and the breezes whispered
"Stay!"

f

Love Poems

Thus, in the spell-bound garden groves, a pulse began to
beat

That woke th' enchanted poppies from their dreams,
And thrilled the waiting lilies, as I led her to the seat

That had blazed alight with flashing firefly gleams:

For I wrought this fairy throne

Just for "Her I love" alone,

Where she reigns with sway despotic, but herself may not
depart

From her kingdom—for she's captive in the garden of my
heart.

ALAN

SONG OF THE LUTE AND THE STAR

I prisoned love within me,
As the cloud prisons the moon,
Till one from thence should win me,
As fingers the lute's tune:
And now as the light when the stars grow pale
Sweeps over the deep sea,
From the strewn deeps
Where the moon sleeps
On the sea of my heart there's a tune sweeps,
'Tis the morn of your love in me.

I prisoned love within me,
As the bud prisons the rose,
Till the warmth of a kiss should win me
From a deep starless repose;
And now as with colour and odour slips
The rose from her zone free,
From among dells
A throng tells
Of a new-born love that in song wells
From the fount you have freed in me.

I prisoned love within me,
As the lark prisons the song,
Till the heaven in your eyes should win me
To carol cloud-ways along:
And now as listening lovers learn
That the heart of the heaven is won,
When the moon falls
The tune calls,
For on æry paths of the noon-halls
The lights into song have run.

Love Poems

I prisoned love within me,
As sleep prisons the dream;
Your spirit has winged to win me
From Lethe's dark stream,
And ere the hush of the waking hour
Have rapt me to earth far,
I have turned, love,
Have learned, love,
The tune of the lute that burned, love,
And the song of the morn's star.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

THE IDA-FIELDS

Here where the star-eyed sorrowful night has counted her
beads in prayer,
Where the sigh of her soul as she bent o'er the roses breathes
in the morning air,
Here I sit, and the roses around me, lulling me into sleep,
Bear me away to a glimmering world where spirits a vigil
keep:

Wonderful vigil that knoweth no end, neither beginning hath
known,
Vigil that seeth the luminous stars and fiery tresses blown
Round the head of the seraph that mild through the ages
fashioneth out of the void
A world of light and of life and of laughter, by hearts to
be suffered, enjoyed.

There at least I may utter the sorrow that cannot be uttered
here,
The wish that cannot be shaped in words, escaping the sigh
and the tear,
The sorrow that gathers like swaying seas when winds have
buffeted long,
Till the surge of my heart wells up in my breast and falls
from my lips in song.

Here upon earth we have heard the sigh that follows the
broken breath,
In the hush we have almost read the rune that is graved on
the heart by death;

But the warring world and its hurrying feet have drowned
in their clamour loud
The voice that falls from the trembling star as it burns in
the morning cloud.

Is it in vain my thought has flown?—cannot it find a home
In the depth of your heart whence your dreams of desire and
high aspirations come?
May it not mingle with these and rise, until from your lips
it flow
Soul-sweetened, a sigh or a flutter of song whose springs you
must surely know?

Cannot it mingle, my thought with your thought, and wake
in your soul a desire
To move again where we moved who loved?—till borne
upon wings of fire,
Deep in the soundless world shall meet my spirit and yours
it loved,
Shall meet without speech, or sight, or touch, unhindered and
unreproved.

Here where the star-eyed sorrowful night has counted her
beads in prayer,
Where the sigh of her soul as she bent o'er the roses breathes
in the morning air,
Here I sit, and the roses around me, lulling me into sleep,
Bear me away to a glimmering world where we a tryst may
keep;

The Ida-Fields.

Wonderful tryst that knoweth no end, neither beginning hath
known,
Tryst that seeth the luminous stars and fiery tresses blown
Round the head of the seraph that mild through the ages
fashioneth out of the void
That world of light and of life and of laughter that we
have suffered, enjoyed.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

DAS WEISS ICH SCHON

Forth from what realms of earlier existence
Com'st thou to me?
Claimed by what irresistible persistence
Yield I to thee?

Surging from deeps unplumbed by recollection
Swims into ken
Thy soul that erst hath held me in subjection—
But where? but when?

All has been said, been thought, been done, explained
Ages ago.
Only the quintessence of love remained
For us to know.

Therefore it was that while I sat beside thee
I touched no hand.
What need for word, for touch, for kiss to guide thee?
We understand.

ANON

IN AUGUST

O, almond blossoms, almond blooms, I think you are a
cloud
That sank from Heaven's depths, too tired to further sail
along,
And rested on the crooked stems that are so sweetly proud
To bear you, that their leaves burst forth—a green thanks-
giving song!

A cloud you were, soft, soft and white, and Juno on you
rested
When she put off her royalty to lounge her languid leisure;
And Aphrodite's doves, cloud-soft, with wings cloud-pure
have breasted
Their fairy way, their trackless way, through you to do
her pleasure.

The birds know and the bees know this, your worshippers
and lovers—
The birds have seen your pride afar, and give you one
devotion,
And all the bees from miles away crowd round, their
briskness hovers
Above you, and the calm's disturbed of all the air's thin
ocean.

Love Poems

Still, cloud that once a goddess bore, your pride has more
 been heightened
Since you alighted here this Spring than when you sailed
 above,
For one has stood beneath your shade by whom the world
 is brightened—
Who makes the dawn seem dim and dark—my own and
 lovely Love!

ROSAMOND BENHAM

THE COMFORTER

He drew me from the horrid pit,
He set me on my feet.
He warmed me from my mortal cold,
He cooled me from my heat.

He put me on my way again
And showed me how to go;
Was gentle when I went too fast—
Patient when I was slow.

He spoke in anger never once—
This is the way He took:
He broke me with a word of love,
He bound me with a look.

He heard my cry before I called,
Seeing I had no speech;
He handled with a mother-touch
The hurt I could not reach.

He made the mountain tops come down,
He made the valleys rise;
He made the holy highway plain
Before my very eyes.

He led me through the whelming flood;
He led me through the fire;
He fed me in a wealthy place
With honey of desire.

Love Poems

It's love like this that wakens life
In the very breast of death,
And fashions in the formless void
An image quick with breath.

This is the magnet that compels
My spirit's secret tide.
Deep calls to deep; love answers love,
And both are satisfied.

JEAN BIRD

REST

Who has repose?
Not Judas, doing ill;
Not Peter, weak of will;
Not Thomas, doubting still;
Who understands? Who knows?

John has repose;
The Bosom is his right.
Yet all the others might
Know that supreme delight.
John understands. John knows.

Love is repose.
Faith eyes a future rest;
Hope waiteth still the best;
Love leans upon the Breast.
Love understands. Love knows.

JEAN BIRD

TWILIGHT

When a heavy surf is droning
In the twilight on the bar;
When our Mother Sea is crooning
Her quaint cradle-song afar;

When the wild black swans are lining
To some still, remote lagoon;
And above the headland, shining,
Hangs a quiet, crescent moon;

When the panoply, the splendor
Of the tropic sunset dies,—
Then my Fancy turns to tender
Dreams beneath the queenly skies.

Dear-loved Loadstone of my longing,
Fair, fond Woman of my heart!
When the twilight thoughts are thronging,
Art *thou* dreaming, too, apart?

Yes, my Spirit echoes truly;
"Circling seas shall, with the tide,
Pulse on either shore of Thule,
In the Dream Beatified.

"Surely as the mystic Crescent
Silers now a garden fair,
Will the shining, white, liquescent
Light of Love burn also there!"

Twilight.

So I mourn not that the splendor
Of the dead Day lies in pall,
When the Night her brooding, tender
Wings of fantasy lets fall.

In the dusk I'm sitting, building
Tall cloud-castles by the sea;
In the dusk my Love is gilding
Castles fair for her and me.

E. J. BRADY

SHADOWS

Beside the Narrow Crossing-Place
 (And night was falling gray),
Two Shadows met, the legends tell. . . .
 Each Shadow went its way.

But there was anguish in their eyes,
 And tears in both their hearts,
Beside the Narrow Crossing-Place,
 Where Shade from Shadow parts.

For they had seen the Rising Sun
 In opal and in rose,
For they had seen the Rising Sun,
 Who saw the long day close.

And had they met at Morn or Noon
 Who met the shades between?
Ay! had they met at Morn or Noon . . .
 And so—the Might-Have-Been!

E. J. BRADY

"I AM SHUT OUT OF MINE OWN HEART"

I am shut out of mine own heart
because my love is far from me
nor in the wonder have I part
that fills its hidden empery;

the wildwood of adventurous thought
and lands of dawn my dream had won,
the riches out of Faery brought
are buried with our bridal sun.

and I am in a narrow place
and all its little streets are cold,
because the absence of her face
hath robb'd the sullen air of gold.

My home is in a broader day:
at times I catch it glistening
thro' the dull gate, a flower'd play
and odour of undying Spring;

the long days that I lived alone,
sweet madness of the Springs I miss'd
are shed beyond, and thro' them blown
clear laughter, and my lips are kiss'd:

—and here from mine own joy apart
I wait the turning of the key:
I am shut out of mine own heart
because my love is far from me.

CHRISTOPHER J. BRENNAN

SECOND NOCTURN

Sighing—
the wind from the equator thro' the trees
faintly fell
or wander'd, like a spirit ill at ease,
that we heard its echoes dying
where we lay
in our chamber by the tropic ocean's swell
night and day.

Lying—
side by side—
we heard the rising ocean to the dying wind replying,
heard its surge advance with still insistent call
or subside
to the night-wind's dying fall
sighing—
thro' the night we heard it sobbing
as the tide
rose in rhythmic monotone;
till at last our twin hearts pulsed upon its ceaseless throbbing,
till we felt them fall and rise and drift asunder
leagues of night between them thrown—
O so wide!
O the wonder
that we felt but a vague and strange emotion
felt a dim and blind and infinite emotion
of the mystery, the wonder
that the night-wind and the ocean
and the traitor night should set us twain asunder

Second Nocturn

who were lying
heart to heart,
in our love-chamber by the boundless ocean—
there were lying—
yet apart,
sunder'd by the nightly ocean
heart from heart!

CHRISTOPHER J. BRENNAN

EVENSONG

Rest, my Beloved, rest!

I pause, I look across the distance,
Half held by yonder gleam
That tells, that tells
Not yet the spells
Of Night have knit Thy real and Thy dream;
Half by the subtle sweet insistence
Of the dew-freed manuka scents, which seem
Laden with memories of far years, far lands,
When Earth was young, and Thou and I

Yon dumb Heaven understands—
O why, why, why
Stays it for ever dumb,
For ever dumb?

Rest, my Beloved, rest!

I give this kiss to the South-west—
The South-west Wind, which sweepeth, sweepeth by,
Trailing great wisps of cloud along the Sky—
To bear to Thee, Beloved, ere Thou close
Thine eyes, Thine eyes in balmiest repose.

Rest, my Beloved, rest!

Why, why, O why
Liest Thou yonder, lone,
While lonely I
This night, these many unblest nights, shall lie?
Thy dear head, silken-trest,
My Own,
Should by my cheek be prest—
Have we not known?—
The while in perfect, satisfying rest,
Thy cheek upon my breast,
Thou shouldst sink to slumber; round Thee thrown—
Wall from the Dark's innumerable alarms,
Shield from her baleful spawn's malefic charms—
The soft magnetic circle of mine arms.
My Own, my Own,
Have we not exquisitely known?

What have we done, we two,
That lone we lie,
Parted for half our days, tho' true
Mate of true Mate, still uttering the cry
Dumbly to the dumb Heavens, which know so well
Yet never break their silences to tell,
Our craving, iterant "Why?"
Patient, O very patient—well they know;
Yet what joy would we not with joy forego
To hear them break the silence and the spell?

What have we done? Upon the winding way
Of myriad lives, or far or near,
We two, so trustingly, so purely dear
Each unto each, have surely done some deed—
In pitiful blindness, or in wilful seeing

Brought into unextinguishable being
Some thought, word, act, whose death-defying seed
Bears leaf and bud and blossom ev'n to-day;
Biddeth me here, Thee yonder, wondering stay—
Waiting and wondering stay. . . .

Rest, my Beloved, rest! . . .

Not in sheer weariness, as they
That have no hope because they cannot see
Law everywhere, as we.
The vintage surely cometh; late or soon—
Perhaps at life's still eventide,
When strife hath died,
Perhaps at life's high noon;
Yea, soon or late
The vintage cometh: Thou and I can wait.
The hour the Lords of Karma know, not we,
For all our longing: so it must be best.
The hour we know not, yet know certainly
The time of vintage cometh: wherefore rest,
Rest, my Beloved, rest Thee.

Rest . . . rest . . . rest!

D. W. M. BURN
(*Marsyas*)

SHADOWS

How many tread the patient street
 With heart as sanctified as mine:
Who have a shadow at my feet
 Whereof no other hath a sign?
No other sees the tender face
Fledging the drab and stony place.

I see through gloomy archway walls
 The scattered sandhills of the past:
An air from meadow pipit calls,
 Where I her shadow followed fast.
Beneath the pavement of the street
Lieth the motion of her feet.

Lo, there she sped by lichened fence
 The glance where sudden love appears:
Pale with retreating confidence,
 Too shy for words, too sweet for tears:
Too full of her own happiness
To pledge what love would fain confess.

There she abides amid the roar
 Of city struggles. Men are made
Joyful or sad, but I am more
 Than they who pass me—unafraid
To lift a sleeping face to shine,
Making for me the hour divine.

A river rolls between. We stand,
Love in all tenderness our star.
No voice we hear: nor understand
The morning and the evening are
To some delighting dedicate,
Wherefor for ever we must wait.

Again I see the cottage door:
The fire is chattering to the panes:
Flowers make the courtesy of the poor:
The kettle with a singing feigns
A merry note—but all is bare
For lack of one who is not there.

I dream I hear a footfall blend
With airs about the trooping eaves.
The surges of my spirit send
Faint shadows lighter than the leaves
Athwart the attic Silence keeps
In her unfathomable deeps.

No, never more will she descend.
I wake to know life is beyond
Her intimacy. I shall spend
A many tears of memory fond
For eyes that know not kith nor kin—
Death's majesty alone therein.

HUBERT CHURCH

THE SLAYERS

When we loved, between us two
How the cloudy glamour grew!—
Thoughts unspoken, rainbow tears,
Sweet reserves, and darling fears,
Exquisite imaginings,
Shyly preening untried wings—
All in one dim radiance blent.
Could we not have been content?

But we judged too daringly
Nought must stand 'twixt You and Me.
Reticence, and secret pride,
What were they but mists that hide?
Break the sundering barrier frail,
Rend the rosy-golden veil!
So we labored, till at last
Eye to eye we stood, aghast.

The veil was riven shred from shred
All for love . . . and love lay dead.

ELSIE COLE

IN MEMORY OF NURSE LILIAN

Died on Service.

She was so dear, so fair. . . . Her memory stays:
Even her dying robs me not of this,
That I have walked with her in mortal ways
Whose tender beauty now immortal is.
There are sweet flowers that bloom in ways forlorn,
And sad sweet eyes whose beauty is a flower
Blown in the night to which there is no morn,
Dream-born and dying in its dewy bower.
And she was such a flower, her sweet eyes such:
The secret hours that only the heart knows
Thrill with the glamour of her tone and touch,
Like music that is sweetest at the close,
Falling to death, as falls the fairest thing
Beyond the power of love's recovering.

Light that was her smile, now shaded;
Rose that was her cheek, now faded;
Air that was her sighs and laughter:
Beauty's ghost Love follows after.

R. CRAWFORD

ANNA, BETROTHED

Alas! to see the bud of dawn
Become the full blown flower of day;
The breeze tip-toeing o'er the lawn,
Forget its youthful, careless way.

The "charm of change" is half a lie—
(Decay is Change's darling child!)
Who'd stain the wistful morning sky
For all the glory sunset-piled?

Yet, since transition is to live
(Death, too, shall thro' that gateway come!)
Give, Fate, the best there is to give:
The quiet hearth, the happy home.

ROBERT HENDERSON CROLL

INVOCATION

Break, swift passion, seal on seal,
Till our words thro' whit'ning stress
Flame enraptured, and reveal
Love's imperial excess.

Let poor Wisdom's purblind eyes
Gloat upon her paltry toys,
Fledged with follies we can rise,
Godlike, to immortal joys.

SYD C. (Clarice G. Crosbie)

TO THE WIND

It seems so strange that thou who tell'st me things
Of past and present—bringing on thy wings
Mem'ries wrapped sweet in hallowed wallflower scent,
Or dainty burden that to thee was lent
By secret sprays of starry jessamine,
To lift a curtain from past dreams of mine,
Didst tell me nothing of a love to be.

And of the present—when new flowers are born—
A message from the charlock in the corn,
And news thou bring'st of hawthorn trees abloom,
Dost waft their spirits even through my room!
Thou'st told me in thine own delicious way
—Not in mine ear—that it is Spring to-day.
Hast thou no word from my dear Love to me?

How he and I have fought thee with the oar!
And mocked thy rage with laughter from the shore.
How often hast thou wantoned in my hair;
And fanned the hollow in my throat laid bare
To thy caress—the spot he was to kiss!
Then surely heart atune like mine could miss
No slightest whisper thou might'st breathe to me?

Thou'st told me all the sadness of the world
From immemorial time, while I lay curled
Beneath the ever-sorr'wing she-oak trees.
Thou'st brought the passion of the restless seas.
And with a madder joy than children's play
Dost sport with leaves that yearly fall away
From naked boughs. Show meeds of love to me!

On these wild nights thou fling'st thy freight of tears
Against the windows, one may think one hears
The wailing of lost loves—but dost thou know?
And dost thou care what cadence then dost blow?
Art thou indeed only a moving air
That wanders without purpose here and there?
Ah, then, what boots it to confide in thee?

MARIE DECHANEUX

COMRADESHIP

Oh, how could you believe I could forget!
Dear heart, the roots are deep. Though never yet—
So far apart was set for each our place—
My eyes have searched the riddles of your face,
You have thrown wide the gateways of your mind.
How could I prove unkind?

Could I forget? We have been friends so long!
The earth has vented all her soul in song
For us. For us great men have voiced their thought
And poets dreamed, and artists too have wrought,
And o'er the living world's big page we've pored
In uttermost accord.

To us the solitudes have spoken low,
And hidden things permitted us to know!
The secrets that the desert and the sea
And the far stars unveiled for you and me
Awoke our hearts and from the throngs of men
We heard the silent cry of hearts in pain—
Heard it together and with tear-filled eyes.
Is this a thing that dies?

MARIE DECHANEUX

AMANS AMARE

A cottage small be mine, with porch
Enwreathed with ivy green,
And brightsome flowers with dew-filled bells,
'Mid brown old wattles seen.

And one to wait at shut of eve,
With eyes as fountain clear,
And braided hair, and simple dress,
My homeward step to hear.

On summer eves to sing old songs,
And talk o'er early vows,
While stars look down like angels' eyes
Amid the leafy boughs.

When Spring flowers peep from flossy cells,
And bright-winged parrots call,
In forest paths be ours to rove
Till purple evenings fall.

The curtains closed, by taper clear
To read some page divine,
On winter nights, the hearth beside,
Her soft, warm hand in mine.

And so to glide through busy life,
Like some small brook alone
That winds its way 'mid grassy knolls,
Its music all its own.

D. H. DENIEHY

SONG

Like a seagull with sunlight above
And beneath her the sea,
My heart on the ocean of love
Lies dreaming of thee.

The waters that o'er me will roll
In the storm and the night,
Thrill now to the emerald soul
With the rapture of light.

Slow, slow be thy wings to the west,
Sun-bird of the sky!
From the warmth and the peace and the rest
I must wake but to die.

E. DERHAM.

THE WISH

I should be so glad if I could think
 That, sometimes, when the sun is low,
You cross the little planked foot-bridge
To wander up the sandy ridge
 Past where the clumps of wild oak grow.

If I could think you pause to dream,
 And, as you dream, your eyes grow wet,
Remembering Hope and youth and . . . Me . . .
And all the trust that used to be,
 And other suns that rose and set.

I do not want your every thought,
 Your daily presence in my life,
I grasp no Fruit . . . who had the Flower . . .
But I would wish that some still hour,
 Forgetting child, and home and wife,

You pace alone the curving path
 That saunters to the little bridge,
And, when the sun is burning low,
Across the swamp-oak flats you go
 Into the red glow on the ridge.

And standing, looking far away
 Out to the darkening timber line,
Recall a night with just such skies,
And the quick laugh in Lost Love's eyes,
 And know that those lost eyes were mine.

M. FORREST

THE ARRAS

I could have sworn that the arras moved,
That curtain fringed with the fleur de lys,
You thought we were safe—who snatched and loved—
That a watchful eye could not pierce to me—
Yet, over the sweep of that purple fold
(Like an ocean floor in a moonless night)
A ripple ran to the hem of gold
One petal hid and one leapt to light
—I could have sworn that the arras moved!
You think it is locked in our hearts to-day
That throbbing moment we clung and loved
Is sealed forever and shut away,
Where the jealous eye cannot note and brood
On loss or profit in *proving* shame
The right of spilling a gallant's blood
The right of branding a woman's name.
To-day we met in the gallery,
You bowed full coldly and passed me by
And bravely went for the world to see,
No lip betraying, no softening eye.
'Twas well that my gown was tightly laced
Over my heart and its stung desire
Over the breast where your kisses placed
The rose of love with its thorn of fire.
A sword point clashed on the polished floor:
Two heels clicked sharply ere you were gone
But I stepped proud as I went before
By the line of the courtiers all alone.

The Arras

Yet . . . I remembered the arras moved
And shaken trust in a world a-reel
Convulsed the air like a faith disproved.
Who dropped the sword? And *who* clicked the heel?

I have smoothed my bodice and dressed my hair:
The snow of my bosom naught reveals.
Was it only fancy that one lurked there
Kneeling to spy as a traitor kneels?
Was it only fancy? You kissed so warm
Your kiss was all for a space I knew:
And the pulse's riot will jest at harm
And fear sinks drugged in a glance of blue.
What heart pays toll for its secret sins?
So each heart feareth a torch's shine,
And up in *his* tower *he* sits and spins
Perhaps a snare for your life and mine. . . .
The King was gracious to me to-day
And the Queen (that model of virtue proved!)
And my lord sent jewels to make me gay. . . .
Yet I wish I knew why the arras moved!

M. FORREST

ALISON OF THE MARGE

Ah, when you touch me, sweeps
To music every chord that sleeps;
And when you kiss, my blood
Leaps like the sea-tides in their flood,
And all the emptiness of years
Clamours in crying at my ears,
And I am caught as in a wind
That takes my breath, and I am blind—am blind!
Oh, I have hungered for you so;
Starved like a lost bird in the snow!

*I have known winds in desert places,
And seen the stars as frozen faces,
And watched the large, relenting sun
Shield-widen as the day was done,
And seen the late bird turn to his own,
But I was alone, alone—
I was alone in the heat, in the cold,
As a lamb that is strayed from her fold.*

*I have heard life like a voice in the night,
Lost like a light—a wandering light—
In the fen, in the mist;
And never a hand was there,
And no one to care—
Have hungered and striven,
And suffered unshriven;
Hungered for you*

Alison of the Marge

*As the burned-up earth for the dew,
As the withering grass for the rain,
As the parching herb for the end of pain—
Have misered in anguish to spend,
And followed the dream that was you to the end!*

*Oh, I have hungered for you
As the strength in the thew
For the quoit, and the axe, and the spear,
As the sap at the Spring of the year
For the pathway of life in the tree,
As, captive, the wing of the gull for the fetterless sea—
Have hungered, and dreamed, and held to the dream
As a light, as a gleam;
And out of the darkness I came at the end—
At the end—unbroken to you.*

*But cloud in a wan, wet sky
Has wept no more than I;
And never the darkness of night has seen
A dark like the dark where my soul has been.*

MARY GILMORE

FROM

"THE RHYME OF JOYOUS GARDE"

With her through the Lyonesse I rode,
Till the woods with the noontide fervor glow'd,
And there for a space we halted,
Where the intertwining branches made
Cool carpets of olive-tinted shade,
And the floors with fretwork of flame inlaid
From leafy lattices vaulted.

And scarf and mantle for her I spread,
And strewed them over the grassiest bed
And under the greenest awning,
And loosen'd latch and buckle, and freed
From selle and housing the red roan steed,
And the jennet of Swift Iberian breed,
That had carried us since the dawning.

The brown thrush sang through the briar and bower,
All flush'd or frosted with forest flower
In the warm sun's wanton glances;
And I grew deaf to the song bird—blind
To blossom that sweeten'd the sweet spring wind—
I saw her only—a girl reclined
In her girlhood's indolent trances.

And the song and the scent and sense wax'd weak,
The wild rose withered beside the cheek
She poised on her fingers slender;
The soft spun gold of her glittering hair
Ran rippling into a wondrous snare,
That flooded the round ark bright and bare,
And the shoulder's silvery splendour.

The deep dusk fires in those dreamy eyes,
Like seas clear-coloured in summer skies,
Were guiltless of future treason;
And I stood watching her, still and mute
Yet the evil seed in my soul found root,
And the sad plant throve, and the sinful fruit
Grew ripe in the shameful season.

Let the sin be mine as the shame was hers,
In desolate days of departed years
She had leisure for shame and sorrow—
There was light repentance and brief remorse,
When I rode against Saxon foes or Norse,
With clang of harness and clatter of horse,
And little heed for the morrow.

And now she is dead, men tell me, and I,
In this living death must I linger and lie
Till my cup to the dregs is drunken?
I look through the lattice, worn and grim,
With eyelids darken'd and eyesight dim,
And weary body and wasted limb,
And sinew slacken'd and shrunken.

She is dead! Gone down to the burial-place,
Where the grave-dews cleave to her faultless face;
Where the grave-sods crumble around her;
And that bright burden of burnish'd gold,
That once on those waxen shoulders roll'd,
Will it spoil with the damps of the deadly mould?
Was it shorn when the church vows bound her?

Love Poems

Now I know full well that the fair spear shaft
Shall never gladden my hand, nor the haft

Of the good sword grow to my fingers;
Now the maddest fray, the merriest din,
Would fail to quicken this life-stream thin,
Yet the sleepy poison of that sweet sin
In the sluggish current still lingers.

Would God I had slept with the slain men, long
Or ever the heart conceived a wrong

That the innermost soul abhorred—
Or ever these lying lips were strained
To her lids, pearl-tinted and purple-vein'd,
Or ever those traitorous kisses stained
The snows of her spotless forehead.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

THORA'S SONG

We severed in Autumn early,
Ere the earth was torn by the plough;
The wheat and the oats and the barley
Are ripe for the harvest now.
We sunder'd one misty morning
Ere the hills were dimmed by the rain;
Through the flowers those hills adorning—
Thou comest not back again.

My heart is heavy and weary
With the weight of a weary soul;
The mid-day glare groweth dreary,
And dreary the midnight scroll.
The corn-stalks sigh for the sickle,
'Neath the load of the golden grain;
I sigh for a mate more fickle—
Thou comest not back again.

The warm sun riseth and setteth,
The night bringeth moistening dew,
But the soul that longeth forgetteth
The warmth and the moisture, too.
In the hot sun rising and setting
There is naught save feverish pain;
There are tears in the night-dew's wetting—
Thou comest not back again.

Love Poems

Thy voice in my ear still mingles
With the voices of whisp'ring trees,
The kiss on my cheek still tingles
At each kiss of the summer breeze.
While dreams of the past are thronging
For substance of shades in vain,
I am waiting, watching, longing—
Thou comest not back again.

Waiting and watching ever,
Longing and lingering yet;
Leaves rustle and corn-stalks quiver,
Winds murmur and waters fret.
No answer they bring, no greeting,
No speech, save that sad refrain,
Nor voice, save an echo repeating—
He cometh not back again.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

LOVE

She loves me! From her own bliss-breathing lips
The live confession came, like rich perfume
From crimson petals bursting into bloom!
And still my heart at the remembrance skips
Like a young lion, and my tongue, too, trips
As drunk with joy! while every object seen
In life's diurnal round wears in its mien
A clear assurance that no doubts eclipse.

And if the common things of nature now
Are like old faces flushed with new delight,
Much more the consciousness of that rich vow
Deepens the beauteous, and refines the bright,
While throned I seem on love's divinest height
'Mid all the glories glowing round its brow.

CHARLES HARPUR

PERDITA

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen;
But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

Perdita

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory fair of lady's eyes,
And fame of golden knight;
The princes seek its charmed strand,
And ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our *Perdita*
Went with young Florizel.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace:
Oh, had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

AN ECHO

O the wattle trees are yellowing,
Adown the dark green lane,
And the bush winds are blowing so sweetly,
But I and my true love shall never meet again
When I come home from the riding.

With a coo-ee from the mountain
And a coo-ee from the vale,
With a trample and jingle so gaily,
I called to my true love to meet me at the rail,
When I came home from the riding.

Now the she-oak leaves are sorrowing
For hearthstone cold and grey,
And my bosom is aching with sadness,
But when through the River I shall ford at close of day,
She will welcome me home from the riding.

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

MY QUEEN OF DREAMS

In the warm-flushed heart of the rose-red West,
When the great sun quivered and died to-day
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest,
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey.

Then I saw you swim
By the shadowy rim
Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,
And you rayed delight
As you winged your flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
A month ago by these scented streams?
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?
Did you sleep or wake?—
Ah, for Love's sweet sake,
(Though the world should fail, and the soft stars wane!)
Till our souls take flight
I shall dream delight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

PHILIP J. HOLDSWORTH

LYRIC

Ochone, the garland that is the mouth of her!
The gates of pearl that hide beneath its blooms,
And the smooth of skin that is a silken wonder,
Woven of gossamer on fairy looms!

Ochone, the dear thoughts, warm from the heart of her
The way they would be slipping into dimples sweet!
And the sadness and the laughter running swiftly
Like a wind would chase the shadows on the wheat!

Ochone, the roses red that are the lips of her—
Its I'd be kissing their sweet curves apart!
And the dew on them, and the clean breath of morning,
And their red summer beating in my heart!

MABEL HOOKEY

THE BUST OF ANTINOUS.

Ages of time divide us, most adored,
Dream of my longing dream, whose curved lips
Have learned their cold and bitter smile from Death,
And Love—whose eyes behold the end of Love.

Once, when you came from darkness into life,
A sculptor, loving, caught your face in stone,
In this cold marble that my hot lips burn;
Ah, god, I was not there to hold you fast!
Where shall I find you now, my Heart's Desire?
Where does the mist that hides the gods hide you
And all your beauty—lips, and eyes, and brow?
Into the void for you I wildly cry,
You whom I pant for—my unclasped Delight—
Chasmed and lost in the unending night.

ALYS HUNGERFORD

"SEEKETH NOT ITS OWN"

And I, I seek mine own, crave for thy love;
Stand desolate in the outer ways of life
Where the rain is, and all the cold winds blow
And long for thee: the fervour of thine eyes,
The golden music of thy distant voice,
The deep beatitude of thine embrace,
The passionate, red rapture of thy kiss.
This is not love: *this* is eternal pain,
Quenchless desire for that which cannot be,
The thirst and torment of the inland for the sea.

Yet, if for love's sake I forego thy love,—
And live without thee to the endless end,—
Shall I for all my fierce desires atone
And be at one with love, which "seeketh not its own"?

ALYS HUNGERFORD

IN THE CATHEDRAL

The vast cathedral of my soul, once dedicate to God,
I give thee for a sanctuary no foe of thine hath trod,
And in the living calm thereof thy spirit bathed shall be
While the eternal music beats in waves of melody.

And there within that mystic shrine, I do to death for thee
My body, all the love thereof, and all its hopes to be;
Flesh do I give in sacrifice so that my soul may live,
And blood's red passion poured like wine, unto thy lips
I give.

Dim fragrance shed from magic clouds the holy place doth
fill,
The incense of undying love, the burning heart's dead will;
And splendid through the mists there glow lights radiant as
the sun;
Blessings are they from God on high—my prayer has lit
each one.

My every thought stands acolyte with pure and deep restraint
In breathless service to thy will, as to a worshipped saint,
While vibrant thrill the organ notes insistent with appeal
To wrest from heaven its utmost good to add unto thy weal.

Alas! thy look is clear and cold, watching the lights and
gloom,
Thou art sufficient to thyself, thou need'st not any boon—
No shelter need'st thou from my soul, no benison, no
prayer—
With careless step thou goest forth leaving dead silence
there.

Love Poems

Silence of death, for thou art gone; God, but a far, lost
name;

I see the under-fires break forth and wrap my soul in flame;
There's naught above but the dark void, earth but an empty
space—

Whirled storm and blackness rush between my anguish and
thy face.

ALYS HUNGERFORD

MY MATE

In dreams we meet, though dreams be few
 Wherein your voice is clear;
Awake, I go companionless
 Down crowded roads in loneliness
 Austere;
And yet, have I not longed for you,
 My dear?

My best can never quite repay
 The craftsman's full demands;
I miss my utmost by as much
 As means to me the inspiring touch
 Of hands
Whose dreamland spell the workaday
 Withstands.

What summit might I not attain
 Upon Illusion's hill,
By your unaltered faith upheld,
By your unchanged belief impelled,
 Until
Came conquest—might that dream we twain
 Fulfil.

Alone, my makeshift best I try—
 What matter, since I know
It serves its turn, and it is well
 If in the market-place 'twill sell,
 Although
Such guerdon mocks the dream that I
 Forego.

Love Poems

In dreams we meet, though dreams be few
 Wherein your voice is clear,
And still I go companionless
 Down crowded roads in loneliness
 Austere;
But oh, do I not long for you,
 My dear!

GUY INNES

THE FOREST IN THE CITY (Christchurch, N.Z.)
(To Egeria).

There is a City where the green pulse beats
Of gentle Nature; parks about it close
Full of wind-walking trees in laughing rows;
There, cool and clean, the wood walks in the streets,
Wide-armed, to soothe life's fervours and defeats;
There o'er the mart the dew-drenched garden grows,
And round it all a gleaming river flows,
Full of green shades and luminous retreats.

There is a park about this heart of mine
Planted with thoughts of you, and they intrude
Upon my barren hours, a multitude
Of green and shining things, of birth divine;
The stream called Happy Love thereunder runs,
Which mirrors them, with God's eternal suns.

W. H. JOYCE

THE HAWTHORN MOON

The hawthorn moon shines out to-night,
Her train of amber-saffron light
 Among the dimming stars will melt
 Along the wide, celestial belt.
There are no clouds for lovers' sight
But clouds of hawthorn, fragrant, white;
O, poignant sweetness, love's dear might!
 None but a lover ever felt
 The hawthorn moon!

O come! O come! our troth to plight;
Was sunless heaven e'er yet so bright,
 What sun so deep in heaven hath dwelt,
 Have not God's inmost Angel's knelt,
Her hallowed loves well to requite,
 The hawthorn moon!

W. H. JOYCE

SHE DID NOT KNOW

I plucked for her my flower of love,
A wilding, tinged with tender blue,
What time the sunset flamed above
The pearl-blue shrouds the dim hills drew;
A fragrant sun-ray sank to sleep
Upon her brow of perfect snow—
Her heart was hers to give or keep,
She did not know I loved her so.

I deemed it then, as there I stood
A pilgrim at her saintly shrine,
So frail a thing, so pure and good,
Would blight beneath this love of mine;
The wanton white moon winged the steep,
A time had come when I must go—
Her heart was hers to give or keep,
She did not know I loved her so.

My days went worldward through the night,
The love was mine that makes or mars,
Her pathways lay through sunlands bright,
Her skies were strewn with gracious stars.
She cared no more than winds that sweep
From glade to glade where flow'rets blow,—
Her heart was hers to give or keep,
She did not know I loved her so.

FRANCIS KENNA

SOUL SONG

My soul must sing,—
It cannot grieve,
Though life be drear
And man deceive.

My soul must sing,—
Its notes fall free,
In golden gush
Of melody!

When morning light
The valley fills,
My soul is out
Upon the hills.

My spirit joins
The twittering choir,
Whose praise of God
Doth never tire.

And Skylark ne'er
Sought sky above,
As my soul seeks
The Fount of Love!

On waxen flower,
On leaf of tree,
Celestial grace
And peace I see.

Soul Song

On every breeze
The voice I hear
Of heavenly waters,
Pure and clear.

And in between
The branches' space,
Full oft I glimpse
An angel face!

So, singing still,
My soul fares on,
In noontide gold,
Till eve be gone.

Sing on, O soul!
Above life's sod,
Till breaks my heart
With love of God!

MARION MILLER KNOWLES

THE FIRST KISS

Dost thou remember our first kiss, how sweet
It was, beloved? Was ever sweeter given
Or taken, here on earth or in the heaven
That waits for thee? My quickening pulse shall beat
That back-thrown measure which the reverted feet
Of memory march to till my soul be riven
From me, and I shall fall asleep at even—
My paradise what place soe'er we meet.

I but an eager boy, and thou—so fair!
Smiling I caught thee to me, would have kissed
Thee careless as the wind. . . My God! . . . but there
Deep in thy dear eyes' tremulous amethyst
I saw thy soul as through a starry mist,
And met thy lips with reverence, nay, with prayer!

LOUIS LAVATER

THE ILLITERATE LOVERS

"Spell me her name with the apple-peel,
Spell it clear to my eyes!"

He had been watching the shadows steal
From the dark hills up to the skies,
While she, with her white and skilful hands,
Peeled apples rosy and bright.

"What's the letter," she said, "that stands
For the girl whom you love to-night?"

Back from his shadows and dreams he came,
And touched an apple round.

"Never an apple could tell her name,"
He sighed, "with its pleasant sound."

"But try with this apple of splendid size,
So sweet and fair," urged she;

"It was grown 'neath the blue of Australian skies
On the sunny side of the tree."

"Apples are evil, O lady fair!

They teach that all things fall
To earth, from the heights of dreaming rare,
And mankind most of all.

How shall we trust this one to say,
To tell what no man knows?"

"By using a knife in the proper way,"
She answered, "I suppose."

So he took a knife and slowly flayed
That apple large and round.
The peel, all wriggling, fell and made
Strange patterns on the ground.
"Adam and Eve," he rambled on,
"Could spell no more than I,
Yet they managed." . . . A light in her dark eyes shone,
And made him strangely shy.

In the warm, brown dusk, they both bent low.
Her hair just touched his cheek.
It filled his heart with a summer glow
Till he could scarcely speak.
And there on the earth was a rickety E
And a V with a waist-line trim.
"Is the third an A or an E?" said she,
In the scented darkness dim.

"You have tempted me thus with apple-peels,"
He said, "Now, read the name
That ever into my being steals
Like a wind that is warm with flame?"
She smiled with her lips, in a manner wise,
"Could I neither read nor write,"
She said, "I could spell the name in your eyes,
Of the girl that you love . . . to-night."

WILL LAWSON

A FOLK SONG

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the Queen's Maidens:
They tarry long at their play.
They are stringing her words like pearls
To throw to the dukes and earls."
But O, the pity!
I had but a morn of windy red
To come to the town where you were bred,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the mountain elves
And misty and fair as they.
They are spinning a diamond net
To cover her curls of jet."
But O, the pity!
I had but a noon of searing heat
To come to your town, my love, my sweet,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.

They will give her a white lily-crown,
And I fear she will never come down."

But O, the pity!

I had but an even grey and wan
To come to your town and plead as a man,
And you were away, away!

JESSIE MACKAY

REINCARNATION

I do not know when first we met or parted,
In what dim corridor of Time befell
The fateful hour that left me broken-hearted,
In what sweet tongue you breathed your last farewell.

I do not know how many worlds I've travelled,
How many aeons I have stood alone,
But love at last all mystery has unravelled,
And now once more I know you for my own.

We may have loved in days of Grecian glory,
We may have died beside the templed Nile:
What matters now the sequence of our story,
Since we have met who parted were awhile.

Child of the dawning, once again begotten,
Come back to me from out the golden past,
Deep in your eyes I read naught is forgotten,
Rose of the World, I kiss your lips at last!

KENNETH MACKAY

FLOWER AND THORN

Black the storm-wind rides the sky, all the leaves are torn,
Briers upon the common stand stripped to stick and thorn;
Thorny is the brier, thorny is the brier,
Mother Mary, keep me safe, give me my desire!

Now the winter rains have gone, Heaven's washed and
clean,
All the brooks are laughing sweet, all the trees are green;
Leafy is the brier, leafy is the brier,
Mother Mary in the sky, grant me my desire!

Summer's yellow on the land, throbbing warm and live,
Hear her million voices hum like a lucky hive;
Blossom of the brier, blossom of the brier,
Mary in the summertime, give me my desire!

All the talking winds are stilled in the autumn pause,
Redder far than blood or fire blaze the hips and haws;
Fruiting of the brier, fruiting of the brier—
Mother Mary, must I die starved of my desire?

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

AN OLD SONG

The almond bloom is overpast, the apple blossoms blow.
I never loved but one man, and I never told him so.

My flower will never come to fruit, but I have kept my
pride—
A little, cold, and lonely thing and I have naught beside.

The spring-wind caught my flowering dreams, they lightly
blew away.
I never had but one true love, and he died yesterday.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

PILGRIM SONG

My feet are grey with the roadside dust,
My hair is wet with the dew,
My heart is flagging with weariness
And faint with the want of you.

You are as young as the breaking buds,
You are as old as the sea;
My soul burns white in the flame of you—
Love, open your door to me! . . .

I sought my love in the noontide heat,
I sought in the bitter wind,
And found her house—and the doors were shut,
And the windows were barred and blind.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

AND I . . .

Though love has gentle hands and warm,
If arrowed grief goes skirmishing,
Then, even love may not perform
The one impossible thing.

And I have tramped through grasses deep,
Seen dawn move from her cloudy lair,
Have watched the bluebells stir from sleep,—
And I have prayed one prayer:

And I have wandered the bush ways
In drowse and damp where soft fogs swing
Across the spurs their floating greys—
And I have said one thing:

And I have dipped in roadside wells
Amid the flash of golden fish,
Have pondered there on wands and spells—
And I have made one wish:

And I have gone by towns where beats
The chimney fume against the spire;
Amid the crushing tramp of streets—
I have had one desire:

That I might bring you pillowed peace,
That I might bid all dawns come fair,
Make you a little glad, and ease
The burdens that you bear.

FURNLEY MAURICE

LOVELIGHT

Joy recollected in joy was upon me again:
Supremely contented, superbly calm,
I was perplexed and dumb in a world of pain,
And aglow with the fire
Of a darkling desire
To share this balm
With the people that walk in the towns—
The slaves and the clowns.
Yet how may this thing be?
I am a lover and men will not listen to me.
I am no leader, prophet, orator,
Merely a joyous lover, however may
My word give men the help men languish for?
How may
My lonely bliss their woes allay?

I turned to where
Calm and unspeakably fair
You moved and ministered,
By happy touch and word;
Seeming to heal
Yet doing nothing real;
Flowing like a vision of clear faith—
Beautiful, and a wraith.
Then all my tangled aspiration died,
Then I went mad for love and cried:
“Away with all Whither and Whence!

Let folk full of mandatory consequence
Decry me for a dastard—for love I live,
And the delirium that love can give!
Come lips, come blossom of breasts and crush, oh crush
The noise of the haggling destinies into a woodland hush!
Love has me maddened and men will not listen to me;
I have forsworn endeavour and artistry,
And all my intention and heart for the race to be born,
Forsworn! forsworn!
You have become a flower
And, golden hour upon hour,
I am a bee sucking wild honey from your hair
To build a catacomb for Care.
And thus,
As bees draw honey from the crocus-cup,
I draw song-splendour up,
The substance of my dreams and my sarcophagus,
Food and housing and hope and even the white
Glory of windy ships,
Until I have become so full of golden might
That dawn, dawn, dawn, bubbles out at my lips.

“Someday,
When the clouds melt back to their milky origins,
When, after their aeon raids,
The flying comets are barred like pining harlequins
At home in the final barricades,
When chains flow back to their ore,
And the dead sun takes fresh warmth to start on his rounds
once more,
Then, for the wonder you put in my day

Love Poems

God will repay—
For the only things that He will take from the Old into
the New
Are the songs I have given to you.”

Thus I, the betrayer, restore!
Enskied and apocalyptic I have become more
Than leader or prophet or orator,
And, as a warrior, brave!
The song love gave
Delivers all life from its burdening penalties:
I have made a deliverance out of the honey of bees!
The laws of the prophets are less
Than the songs I say—
Like water from a height
Their melody pours through light
A balm of healing joyousness
Over the wounds of the way.

What are you seeking, O men of the grey-lined brow?
Come home from the council, come home from the water,
come home from the plough!
The quest is ended; comfort ye, people afraid,
I have killed all the grief in the world with a song for a
blushing maid!

FURNLEY MAURICE

UNCONDITIONED SONGS

XII

I have seen the shadows
Cluster at the river,
Long brown shadows where the sunlight flashes gold;
Seen the yellow meadows
Streaming out for ever
By the pink rose hedges of the orchard fold.

When the furtive dawns
Steal along the lawns,
I have heard the dogs call joyful to the breeze;
I have known the Heaven
Of homely rooms at even,
Of music and idleness and sobbing trees.

I have heard the cricket
Piping from the thicket,
The good things of effort, the sweet fruits of chance;
Pools that bear the dreamers
White ships with golden streamers
To old, old wave-worn castles of romance.

Known where speckled beeches
Hide the rocky reaches,
Where the little creek goes singing way down;
Watched the lazy willows
Stroke the tiny billows,
Seen the little catkins drown

Love Poems

I have loved and lingered
Where light winds have fingered
Blue living planes of the twilight sea;
Known all joys of earth,
But none supremely worth
What your dear white spirit is to me.

FURNLEY MAURICE

UNCONDITIONED SONGS

XVIII

If I reach the ocean ever,
 I'll fall to an olden thralling;
If I reach the ocean ever,
 You'll hear me calling, calling;
If I reach the ocean never—
 The sound of the waves falling.

I love your fancies winging
 To havens of Love's making,
For I do love you singing,
 For I do love you waking;
For I do love you bringing
 Kisses for Love's taking.

Still I must love you parting,
 Though heart-strings stretch and sever;
Sweeter than sweet sweethearting
 Are fruits of deep endeavour;
This lilled lake deserting,
 It's now for the open river!

FURNLEY MAURICE

UNCONDITIONED SONGS.

XLIII.

I wrought and battled and wept, near and afar,
I scanned the secret of the bud and star.

Hill-road and desert, and the hurrying street
Knew well the impress of my restless feet!

Then someone came with soft, caressing glance,
Slow, like a woman out of all romance.

Love closed around me these warm, folded wings—
That was the end of all my wanderings.

FURNLEY MAURICE

ILMA DE MURSKA.

She sings—and, like a falcon, I
Sail wings-on-edge against the wind
Across the Pusztas bare and dry,
Brown, boundless heath! (not all unkind)
And as I sail—beneath my glance
The farmer's cot and stacks swim past,
The growing crops all wave and dance
And rustle in the whistling blast,
White, meek-eyed oxen at the plough
Strain shoulder-forward 'gainst the yoke;
The rosy milkmaid seeks her cow
With warbled song—while round the oak
Are swine, 'mid leaves and mast, nose-deep,
And, stretched supine and lazily,
The swarthy swine-herd sound asleep.
A shepherd there in sheepskin cloak,
With pipe aglow behind a rock,
And watching thro' the wreathed smoke
The gentle movements of the flock.
On! on! o'er moorland and morass
(She sings!) I pass where sombre trees
Spread robes of shadow on the grass
Or wave grave welcomes to the breeze—
Now 'tis a pond—a tiny lake,
Wherein some moss-grown thatch is glassed;
Beside whose marge a bowery break,
With flowers a-fire and foliage massed.
There! perched aloft, the stork behold!

Up on the chimney, black and bare,
Cut sharply out against the gold
Of Magyar sunset past compare;
And round him see the gem-neck'd doves,
That coo, and sob, and wheel, and light,
Vexing the sweet air with their loves,
Proclaimed from rustic roof-tree's height;
And out beyond, view miles of vine
In marshall'd ranks—and here, the press
Whence pours the flood of Magyar wine,
All night—and *this!* but nothingness.
She sings! I see the Danube glance
'Tween fields of crimson-tassell'd maize.
She sings! For me the maidens dance
'Neath the dear trees of olden days.
Ah! spring! 'Tis Magyar spring-tide here!
With opening flowers and hum of bee;
The stork stands knee-deep in the mere,
The air is faint with melody.
Oh! spring thou'rt full of nightingales!
The breeze a-tremble as each note,
Fraught with sad sweetness, sweeps the sails
Where lovers down the Danube float;
The faithful stork returns with spring—
Silent—he is our sentinel,
All night the nightingale doth sing,
While joyous pains her bosom swell,
Or 'mid the gentle forest glooms
By twilight, near the rippling tide,
Or 'mid the moon-lit grove's perfumes,
She sings alike for maid and bride.
Yes! yes! to-night I've heard *her* voice—
Lain 'tween the olive and the vine—

Danced a wild measure. Soul! rejoice,
Thou'rt drunk with true Hungarian wine;
Rich fragrance from the fields she brought,
The rustling of the river reeds,
The smiling maid I madly sought,
The land of heroes and their deeds.
Yes! She, another Hebe, poured
For me (the while) another Jove,
The wine of song—and swift up soared
My soul to brighter skies above.
Fresh colour to a faded life
The old-world song of hers has given;
The pain, the care, the bootless strife,
Forgotten straight—and all is Heaven.

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE

SONG

My Lady passes,
I hear her feet
Tripping lightly,
Lightly, down the street.
Her eyes are beaming,
With glad light gleaming,
My Lady passes,
Passes down the street—

Caballeros, 'neath broad sombreros,
Shoot fierce love-shafts,
All in vain;
Their baffled glances,
Like ill-aimed lances
Fall off—fall off,
As harmless as the rain.

Hark! 'Tis the music
Of maidens singing,
Of sweet bells ringing,
For those that pass,
That press still onward
O'er street and green-sward
In gay array, to morning mass;
Make way—Muchachos!
Make way—Senoras!
And thou—fond heart,
Whose fresh wounds smart,
Make way—make way now,
Quick! quick! make way now,
And let my own—my lovely lady, pass!

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE

LADY, LADY, GENTLE LADY

"Lady, lady, gentle lady,
Saw ye not Dan Cupid go
Through the forest green and shady
Armed with darts and supple bow?"

"Yes . . . , I saw him, noble lordling,
And my heart went pit-a-pat
Just to spy him slowly dawdling,
Wond'ring whom to level at."

"Lady, lady, tell me truly
(For your face is fair to see),
Why that villain so unruly
Gave you life and liberty?"

"Sir, he eyed me like a felon,
Then he roared in sudden pet,
'Curst, O curst be Argive Helen,
Cleopatra . . . Juliet. . . .

'Beatrice! . . . ' How he made me shiver! . . .
All my world was waving wheat—
Till at last he flung his quiver
Arrow-empty at my feet!"

HUGH McCRAE

DEAR HEART

O, you that scale the ultimate peaks of Pain,
Heartworn and weary, never resting long
On any enticement till you climb again
Star-wooed!—O, you that pity me in this chain
And kiss the hurt place as you pass me by
To help my little brothers beyond, may I
Bring you, Dear Heart, a song?

A song of hope unsullied that laughs at Death,
A song of simple goodness that will not stay
To spare one thought for self down the desolate way,
A song of weakness that still with unfaltering breath
Dares every devil that swoops on the world to slay,
A song of honour and steady, exultant faith,
A song of gold at the end of the murkiest day,
A song of purity shining 'mid hells of wrong . . .
For you, Dear Heart, this song!

*And we bring you only, Lady of High Intent,
Chaplets of words that fade ere the day be spent;
And we bring you only, Lady of Griefs unfeigned,
Lips of ours with the blood of your sorrows stained;
And we bring you only, Lady of Mercies Rare,
Roses of shame and the ashes of late despair!*

Dear Heart

A song of trust grown steadfast, of truth grown wise,
A song of pity that never can faint or fear,
A song of honesty shining from proud sweet eyes
That see the good in the worst of us everywhere,
A song of modesty tender and brave and true,
A song of sacrifice never withheld or vain,
A song of unselfishness meek as the morning dew,
A song of gentleness soft as the evening rain . . .
O, Woman, mother or maid, though the way be long,
 For you, Dear Heart, this song!

FRANK MORTON

THE HAPPY LOVER

If I, of youth and hope bereft,
 Should die dismayed, and you should be
On earth the only creature left
 To mourn for me;
And if I should look back and see
 That you, regretting not your choice,
Did grieve to know me dead . . . ah, me!
 I should rejoice;
For life holds only you, just you,
 And if you love me (*how you cling!*),
Then, whatsoever God may do,
 Death has no sting!

FRANK MORTON

THE FEATHER

Barby came down with a brown floating feather

In her dark hair.

Under the trees in the sweet-scented weather

Life was most fair. Barby came there.

Western winds, laden with wattle-gold, stooped her

Tresses to touch.

(Who would suppose that a shining brown feather
mattered so much?)

Roaming alone in the grey winter weather,

Where the winds fret,

In the sere branches I found a worn feather,

Broken and wet. (Could I forget?)

Cold o' the wind, will ye ask the storm whether

It knew the fine touch?

(Who would suppose that a wet, broken feather mat-
tered so much?)

PATRICIA MURCHISON

THE LITTLE PINE-WALK

The little pine-walk where we wander was planned
For our wooing full many an aeon ago.
Ere Time from the plasm with leisurely hand
Had moulded our bodies or breath in them fanned,
The little pine-walk for our wooing was planned.

How should we dream of it, how should we know,
That the wind driven in from the uttermost sea
Said: "Here the bright strands of her hair I shall blow,
Till the heart of him yearn to her, seeing her so"?
How should we dream of it, how should we know

That the sea ceased play at the grey earth's knee,
A song on her mouth and a gift in her eyes,
For the ages to come and the wooing to be?
Ere Earth of her magic had wrought the first tree
The song of the pine-walk was sung at her knee!

And the delicate first little moon in the skies,
Through the murk of the centuries seeing us here,
Set flashing her shuttle, and, canopy-wise,
She wove us a mantle of silver and sighs,
Ere the darkness had fled from primordial skies!

So the gift has come down to us shining and clear,
The scheming accomplished, the centuries spanned.
And the dream that the universe hid and held dear
Is ours for a lifetime, a day or a year,
To keep, as it came to us, shining and clear.

Oh, the little pine-walk where we wander was planned
For our wooing full many an aeon ago.
Ere Time from the plasm with leisurely hand
Had moulded our bodies or breath in them fanned,
The little pine-walk for our wooing was planned.

NINA MURDOCH

THE LOVER SINGS

It is not dark; it is not day;

The earth lies quivering to the dew:
Shall we not love her? All men may.

Lo, here a lover passes too!
Down a green shadowy path he goes,
And in his hand he bears a rose,
Still singing that his heart is true.

Creeps the low darkness where the eve
Groweth more gloomy; and anon
The lover sings. And doth he grieve
For red-lip kisses three days gone?
Hark how he sings! high heavenly clear,
Chief messenger of light to cheer
The brown earth and that bides thereon.

Listen, and we shall leave the earth,
Brooding no more o'er baser things.
My lily love hath rosy worth!
Like to a happy flower she clings!
Glories have come up in his eyes—
Wrapt in a fire he leaps, he flies . . .
Not for himself the lover sings.

In every loveless lane or way
Hearts have been heavy, prison-cold:
For all who only moan and pray
Still doth he sing—he sang of old,
Joy-bearer, bard of better things:
Not for himself the lover sings,
Singer of Summer uncontrolled.

Love Poems

Mourners move onward from the gloom—
Not for himself the lover sings:
Give us, they cry, the buds, the bloom,
The long light on our journeyings.
Star follows star in the dull grey,
Deep is the dark, it drinks the day:
For very love of God he sings.

SHAW NEILSON

IDEAL AND REAL

'Tis sweet to roam with you where lurks no shame,
In glades ideal culling dreams for food:
(But sweeter far to hear you call my name
With just a wistful something in your mood).

'Tis glorious to frame you, goddess, far, sedate,
To whom my flames of song delight to curl:
(But 'tis divine, when, coyly nigh you 'wait
The hunter who pursues you as a girl).

Sublime that flawless blue, where cold stars shine,
When you are far, and I Devotion's son:
(But ah! the warm and rosy flushing wine
When you are here, and willing to be won!)

BERNARD O'DOWD

THE GLEANER

You stood with a sheaf in your bare brown hands,
In the last low light of the setting sun;
Yellow and gold were the gleaned lands,
For the harvest days were done.
And I watched you there in your girlhood's pride,
A strange new note in a world-old tune;
In your heart was the glow of October-tide,
In mine was the chill of June.

The rose that flowered on your warm young face,
On your lips the clover blossoms half-born,
And the subtle hint of the lithe, swift grace
You caught from the moving corn,
Brought back to me, like a love-dream fleet,
A sense of the old glad-hearted things,
A whiff from the years too sadly sweet
For a man's rememberings.

You stood in the light of the sun, unstirred,
Perchance in a dream that the days held true;
What was it?—the call of a secret bird
When the green earth laughed to the blue;
When your wayward fancy loved to roam,
As red as a rose of dawn uncurled,
Away and over the hills of home
To the rim of a fairy world?

Alas! that the years grow grey and long;
Alas! that our dreams prove false and few;
He is wisest who follows the wild birds' song
Through the flowers on the hills of blue;
Who bravely turns at the topmost peak
To gaze on the weary miles he trod,
With a heart untired, and a voice to speak
His praise of the world of God.

My thanks for this hour so deeply true;
It has sweetened life and its loveless ways;
Now I turn to the tasks of men—but you
To the lure of quiet days;
I turn from the peaceful paths untrod
By the feet of fame in his tireless quest—
You gather the blossoms of love that God
Has dropped on the dark earth's breast.

J. B. O'HARA

MIRANDA

Miranda! dreaming through the starry night,
Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,
Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,
Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,
Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain,
Till, seraph-winged, our wedded soul takes flight.

Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,
When thirsty boyhood knelt beside the spring
Of life, and drank her crystal beauty there:
Not dead—but vanished from the noontide glare,
In the deep blue her soul is quivering—
In thy great tears she'll come to me again.

Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,
Touched with the light that shines beyond the stars,
What though her soul to Heaven was dedicate!
Her woman-heart fled its celestial fate,
Down-fluttering wildly through earth's passion-bars,
To find in love her final resting-place.

Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,
And terror-stricken eyes, wherein there bled
Immortal love, by mortal anguish slain;
Wrapped in the splendor of her passion-pain,
She snatched herself away, and left me dead
To sorrow—in the wonder of her face.

Miranda

Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain;
A lurid flash, in dazzled downpour shriven!
Wan guiding-stars confounded in black night!
O Love! until our sundered souls unite
My heart can never rest, but still is driven
To find, in seeking thee, that search is vain,

Till, seraph-winged, our wedded soul takes flight,
Thine, life's mad phantasy of love-in-pain,
Thine, the white fire of Mary's last embrace,
Thine, the rapt beauty of Cecilia's face,
Thine, the far innocence of dead Elaine,
Miranda! dreaming through the starry night.

DOWELL O'REILLY

RONDEAU

I am in love with sea and sun,
And with the moon, like some pale nun,
 That smiles in sadness from on high;
 With dawn's rich rose when day is nigh,
With night's black plumes when day is done.

With each fantastic pattern spun
By cloud-sprites in their careless fun,
 Across the blue demesne of sky,
 I am in love.

The stars my deep regard have won,
The birds that sing when day's begun;
 I smile to hear the night-wind sigh;
 Spring's charms devour with eager eye,
Because—the fact I cannot shun—
 I am in love!

HARRISON OWEN

THE RETURN

And when the last, last winds have touched the lake,
A vow upon my age-dead heart I'll take,
And in that waiting hour when all is still,
I will come back, my Sweet, for this time's sake.

I will come back, and you! Ah, from what hill,
What valley, in what world? From good or ill?

This thing we know: our hearts with love will ache. . . .
And shall we hear, as now, one late thrush trill?

NETTIE PALMER

UNSUNG

When shall I make a song for you, my love?
When you are nigh me?
Not so, for then the hours unnamed go by me,
Flocking like dove on dove.

When shall that song for you be found, my mate?
When I wait lonely?
Not so, for then am I a mourner only,
Begging without the gate.

Never in words that happy song will rise
Yet you will feel it,
Through days your love makes glad I shall reveal it,
Through years your love makes wise.

NETTIE PALMER

I DREAMED OF LOVE

I dreamed of Love and Lover long ago ;
 On many a scented night of coming Spring,
 Some cord would break, my window wide I'd fling
And open wide my heart, and none might know ;
I gazed at night and felt the new sap flow.

The footsteps that might my True Love bring
The moon was not for me, nor the white wing
 Of cloud that shelters lovers: hushed below
 I dreamed of Love.

And then by seas and lands you found me, mate ;
 Out of the flickering world my man I knew,
For me the nights of early Spring are great
With ever-growing love that conquers fate:
 Then long ago 'twas when I groped for you
 I dreamed of Love.

NETTIE PALMER

LYNETTE

The wind still sighs thy name, Lynette;
 "Lynette"—across the blue lagoon
The troubled waters whisper yet,
 Below the ghostly moon.
Would God I might forget—forget
 That golden noon—
The waters—and thine eyes, Lynette!

O golden noon of long ago!
 The upland reapers bound the sheaves;
The gentle winds went to and fro
 Among the lilies and the leaves;
A bird sang, piercing-sweet, below
 The forest eaves,
A plaint of passion, love, and woe.

His song was one with mine, Lynette.
 "Lynette! Lynette!" it throbbed and shrilled,
An ecstasy of passion, set
 To rarer notes than ever thrilled
The heart with love's sweet sorrow yet.
 The song is stilled,
The bird is flown—and thou, Lynette?

We parted in the dying day;
 The West a rose of fire became,
Where cloudy bastions, looming grey,
 Burned awful lights of blood and flame;
Like lurid torches o'er thy way,
 And twilight came
To bar the gates on lingering Day.

But dawn revealed a dreary strand—
Grey marsh and sky, and piping wind;
Storm stooping o'er a wasted land;
While pallid Day crept up behind
The flats of ooze, and salt, and sand,
And brooded blind,
And chill and sunless on the land.

Our marriage-morn was in the sky,
The sun across the dreary plain,
Blinked once, a baleful, blood-red eye,
And sank into the mists again.
And there, O God! I saw thee lie
In drifting rain,
And moaning winds went hurrying by.

O! what a bridal, Love, was this!
I held thee close and close, for sign
Death could not cheat us of our bliss,
I swear thy heart-beats answered mine,
Thy cold lips gave me kiss for kiss.
Was ever shrine,
Or marriage-altar like to this?

Oh! Rose of Eden, mute and meek,
I made my marriage vows alone;
My tears upon thy pure, pale cheek,
Thy cold hands clasped within my own;
And answer, were there one to seek,
Thy lips had shown,
That smiled, and smiled, but would not speak.

Love Poems

And still thy spirit walks, Lynette,
A gracious ghost, below the moon.
A thousand seasons of regret,
A thousand years were all too soon,
To bid this lonely heart forget
That golden noon—
The waters—and thine eyes, Lynette.

ISABEL MAUD PEACOCKE

THE LUTE

(*Mon cœur est un luth suspendu
Sitot, qu'on le touche, il résonne.*)

Respond, my heart, to all the sounds of Earth
That echo through the circle of the years;
The human voice of pain at death and birth,
The laugh of children, and an old man's tears.

Sigh with the wandering winds that loiter by,
And tune thy resonant murmur to the sea,
Throb to the beat of drums when war is nigh,
And join the storm's majestic harmony,

But if Love's passionate hand thy strings should sweep,
And his compelling voice resound in thee—
Softly! my heart,—nor thrill too deep,—too deep
Lest in thy rapture, thou should'st shattered be!

H. POWER

NOBODY KNOWS.

Nobody knows, but I know,
 Deep where the heart-love lies,
Why, at the scent of the violet
 The tears spring to my eyes.

Away in the dusky woodlands
 Mourneth a lonely thrush;
The sun is red in the beeches,
 The shades of evening hush.

Nobody knows, but I know,
 She is sleeping soft and sound,
Her quiet hands are folded,
 Her golden hair is bound.

Far off in the quiet valley
 Murmurs a homing dove,
His music can tell his meaning,
 But I cannot tell my love.

Nobody knows, but I know,
 Maybe she hears my song,
For the grasses bending over her
 Whisper it all day long.

MRS. L. J. RENTOUL

SUPERSTITES ROSAE.

The grass is green upon her grave,
The West wind whispers low:
"The corn is changed, come forth, come forth,
Ere all the blossoms go!"

In vain. Her laughing eyes are sealed,
And cold her sunny brow;
Last year she smiled upon the flowers—
They smile above her now!

RICHARD ROWE

THE WIDOWER

I dreamed last night that you came back to me,
In all your wondrous beauty as of old,
When we two sojourned in a land of gold,
Happy, not knowing ill things soon to be.
Yet through that radiance might I dimly see
Writ on your brow a mystery untold,
Knowledge of wonders man may not behold
Before he brave the illimitable sea.

And now I know you will come back no more.
That far horizon you have overpassed
Must hide you from my longing till at last
I too shall venture forth into the night,
Nor may you heed me where I walk the shore,
Dazed with the wonder of a lost delight.

S. TALBOT SMITH

IRISH LORDS

The clover burr was two feet high, and the billabongs were full;

The brolgas danced a minuet, and the world seemed made of wool;

The nights were never wearisome, and the days were never slow,

When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

The rime was on the barley-grass as we passed the home-stead rails;

A Darling jackass piped us in, with his trills and turns and scales;

And youth and health and carelessness sat on the saddle bow—

And Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness, and the Fates were fair and kind;

We drank the very wine of life, and we never looked behind;

And Mary! Mary, everywhere, went flitting to and fro,

When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

The window of her dainty bower, where the golden banksia grew,

Stared like a dead man's glazing eye, and the roof had fallen through.

No violets in her garden bed. And her voice—Hushed, long ago!

When last we camped at Irish Lords, on the road to Ivanhoe.

CHARLES HENRY SOUTER

THE SAMFIRE FLATS.

Do you ever wish you was back agin on the Samfire Flats,
Eliza?

Do you ever think of the limestone 'ut on the Samfire
Flats, my dear?

You've been a long time gone, an' you was never a one for
writin',

An' we 'aven't 'ad no news of you for gettin' on a year.

Do you recollect the old log by the big bend on the river?

Do you ever fancy you're settin' there with me, like you
uster do?

—I seen some "So long, Marys," a-growin' down there last
Sunday;

I was settin' there an' thinkin' till it seemed like you was
there too.

An' the silver beet in the garden's comin' up first-rate,
Eliza;

An' old Moll's a foal by Darkey as'll make a A.1 'ack;
An' I've cleared a bit of the mallee by the big Majuba sand
'ill,

An' Daisy's 'eifer's blown 'erself. She got to Thomp-
son's stack.

But it's awful quite and lonely now at the Samfire Flats,
Eliza;

It's ter'ble quite and lonely since you left us in the Spring;
An' the sun don't shine so bright, since, nor the flowers
ain't near so pretty,

An' the earth don't seem to smell so sweet, an' the birds
don't seem to sing.

The Samfire Flats

An' oh! w'en are you comin' 'ome agin to the Samfire
Flat's, Eliza?

W'en are you comin' 'ome agin to the limestone 'ut, my
dear?

You've been a long time gone, an' you was never a one for
writin',

An' we 'aven't 'ad no news of you for gettin' on a year!

CHARLES HENRY SOUTER

HER CHARMS

God made the stars, those gems of night,
That strew the pathway of the skies;
Then stooped, and with the self-same light
He made a woman's eyes.

God spake and all Heaven's arches rang,
As angels cried, "Rejoice, rejoice!"
Again He stooped, and, as they sang,
He made a woman's voice.

God sent forth constancy, faith, trust,
And hope, to play on earth their part;
They met, and mixed with human dust,
And formed a woman's heart.

God said, "Lo! I will touch the earth
With holy fire." From heaven above
The fire came down and found its birth
In woman's deathless love.

ALFRED G. WATERWORTH

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